

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

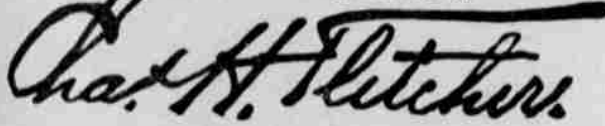
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



\$50.00 A WEEK

with the

Mills O. K. Gum Vender

1918 Model with all the new improvements—small investment—earned back in a few days.

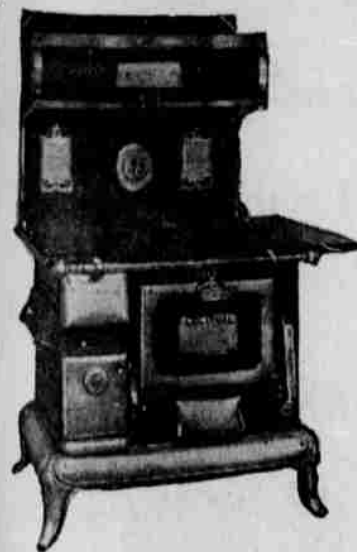
MERCHANTS—A MILLS O. K. Gum Vender will earn an extra income for you—and stimulate the sale of your merchandise. Will bring you new trade and run up your receipts.

OPERATORS—Mills 1918 O. K. Gum Vender is running right in your locality. The 1918 model is making more money than ever. Investigate—get locations—write us for latest prices.

MILLS NOVELTY COMPANY

235 So. Green Street

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.



\$50.00

and up according to size and trimmings.

Other ranges as low as \$33.00

COOK STOVES at right prices.

MADE IN OREGON Thoroughly Guaranteed

E. A. ROSS

Bank Bldg., St. Helens

Reduction of Summer Goods

We have reduced the price on all Summer Goods, Wash Goods, Ladies' and Children's Middies. Take advantage of the reduced prices and save money on your purchases.

M. ROSENTHAL

ASK YOUR GROCER

For Bread from our modern, cleanly bakery. You will like it and continue to use it. Cream Rolls, Cream Puffs, Doughnuts, Pies and Cakes

WEST ST. HELENS BAKERY

S. HEUMAN, Proprietor

Phone B-114

West St. Helens, Oregon

now that our Uncle Sam is their new 'overlord.' I think we can clean them up, eh, Bill?" And Lieutenant Brewster, his friend, nodded and said, "You bet!"

The days were very full now for Pershing and Brewster and their men and all the other Americans who were trying to instill lawabiding ways into the Lere Moros. It was a hard task. Some said that it was impossible. They had to fight not only against the savage Moros, but against a treacherous climate, ill suited to the white man, even though he is able to take all possible care of himself. But when the white man has to do his fighting, now in swamp and jungle, now on the sides of steep mountains, now in the hot tropical sunshine and now in the cool of the evening and the deep tropical midnight against a brave, wily, fanatical enemy it is not to be wondered at that the fight dragged on for years. Even men like Pershing, backed by soldiers brave as any the world ever produced, could not be expected to complete the job in a short time.

The smoking room of the Army and Navy club in Washington was well filled when the news came that "Pershing had done it again." "What do you think of 'Black Jack' Pershing?" asked one member of another. "Jefferson's been up at the secretary's today, and the old man told him that Pershing's not only cleaned up the Moros, but has got the blooming heathen to elect him one of their chiefs. What d'ye call those chiefs? Say, Brown, you've been up against the Moros. What do they call those chiefs of theirs? Oh, yes; datto. Much obliged. We've got a datto among us now, boys. Pershing's a datto. Datto Pershing sounds well, doesn't it?"

And at that minute in the far away Philippines Captain Pershing—he had his two bars on his shoulders now—was walking through a Moro village with brown skinned Moro maidens strewing flowers in his pathway. Was he thinking of the dowers and the homage that was being paid to him? Not a bit of it. He was rehearsing in his mind the passage from the Koran which he was going to spring on Datto Banghang to lighten still further that dusky chieftain's respect for him!

Why Pershing! He has had the wit to see that these people can be pacified as well by getting inside their minds as by shooting civilization into them. He has done his share of shooting, with extraordinary courage that is to bear extraordinary fruit in Washington. Twice he went after the Moros—in 1901-3 and in 1911-13.

CHAPTER V.

Making a Record Jump—Romance and Tragedy.

THE news of Pershing's promotion to brigadier general thrilled Washington and sent a wave of astonishment through the nation. From captain to brigadier general! Over the heads of 862 senior officers jumps the man who was once undecided whether he should become a lawyer or a soldier. Unprecedented jump and one not to be repeated, in all likelihood, in the history of the American army. But the former soldier in the White House has followed with admiration and perhaps just a bit of envy the wonderful work of the soldier in the Philippines.

"I've just got to promote that man, Taft says the law won't let me make him a major or a colonel. What shall I do with him? By Godfrey, I've got it, I've got it! Hello, hello, give me Secretary Taft at once. Mr. Taft, does the law permit the president of the United States to make a general officer of any officer in the United States army? It is your opinion that it does. Good! Have your man make out a commission for Brigadier General John J. Pershing as soon as you can, send it over to me, and I'll sign it at once. Goodby."

"Miss Warren," said Major Lampson at a reception at the home of Senator Warren of Wyoming, "will you permit me to present my friend Captain Pershing?"

"I am delighted to meet Captain Pershing," said Miss Frances Warren. "I have heard of his work in Cuba and the Philippines and have desired to congratulate him."

This was the beginning of the romance in the life of General Pershing, a romance that was destined to end in deepest tragedy. Miss Warren was young, beautiful and a belle in Washington society. Her father, senator from Wyoming, was one of the leaders in the national upper house. She had heard the work of Captain Pershing lauded by the senators when President Roosevelt made the captain's record part of an annual message to congress. So, like Deedemonia, she "loved him for the dangers he had passed."

They were married on Jan. 20, 1905. Three daughters and a son were born to them, and then came the end in August, 1915. In a fire at the Presidio, San Francisco, Mrs. Pershing and the three little girls were suffocated. The son, Warren, was rescued. General Pershing was then stationed at El Paso. After a few days of bitter grief he returned to his work in the army, more silent than before, with his face deeply marked with lines of sorrow. Only the boy and his army career remained for him.

Again a crisis faces the United States in relation to Mexican affairs. There have been many serious situations in the past three years, but none quite as bad as this. Villa has broken loose, has raided Columbus, N. M., and has spilled American blood shed in defense of the little border town. He has swept through Chihuahua, struck his blow and got away in the night. All America is aflame with the cry for vengeance. "Get him alive or dead!" rings the cry from one ocean to another. Washington turns to Funston, in command of the southern department.

"Send your best brigadier. Let him take whatever force you think needed. Get him over the border as soon as you can. We've got to get Villa!"

"Orderly," says Major General Funston, "tell General Pershing I desire to see him at once!"

In a few minutes the little red headed man from Kansas and the tall, gray haired, sun browned soldier from the neighboring state of Missouri are in deep conference. The sentry has orders to admit no one. There is work to be done across the border, and Funston, obeying directions from Washington, has hit at once upon the man to do it. It is Brigadier General Pershing, the veteran of fighting in Cuba, in the Philippines, the man who served as military attaché with the Japanese army in Manchuria during the gigantic struggle with Russia, the able soldier, diplomat, lawyer, student of languages and international affairs.

"The president wants you to 'get' Villa," says Funston.

"When shall I start after him?" says Pershing.

Who can say that Pershing would not have got Villa if Washington, not desiring to make war on all Mexico,



HE QUESTIONS A SPY IN MEXICO.

had not called off the expedition? Surely not any army man who knows Pershing. When he started after Villa we just knew that Villa's future was settled. But the great war in Europe was threatening to involve the United States. Carranza was bitterly hostile, and Villa displayed the qualities of a will-o'-the-wisp. No one was more disappointed than Pershing when the orders to return were issued and he, the soldier in Mexico, had to hear them and obey.

The great war was devastating the world, and America, after more than two years of waiting, was called upon to "make the world safe for democracy." Foreign countries sent their envoys here to discuss with the president and the government the manner in which America could make its weight tell in the shortest time.

"Send us some of your men, that our soldiers may see them at their side and be heartened in the fight against German autocracy," said Balfour and Joffre to President Wilson and Secretary of War Baker.

"We shall send them," said President Wilson. "Mr. Baker, whom shall we send to command our troops in France?"

"Send Pershing," said Mr. Baker. "All America knows what Pershing can do. We know him to be not only a brave, resourceful fighter, but a man of high administrative ability. We must send our French and British allies a man who will be able not only to lead our men in the field and show that he is conversant with the latest advances in military science, but also a man who can manage our soldiers before they get into the battle line. He must represent us to the French and the British worthily, as we should want to be represented."

"You are right, Mr. Secretary," said President Wilson. "And from what I have heard of Pershing and seen of him he is the man to send."

With absolute secrecy, without the blare of a single bugle note or the roll of a single drum, Pershing sailed for Europe. Not until he landed in England did the American public know that the commander of the southern department, summoned to Washington ostensibly for a consultation, had left for the European battle front.

From the farthestmost Scottish headlands to the Mediterranean coast Britain and France were aflame with interest, excitement and curiosity when the announcement of Pershing's landing was made. "Who is this man Pershing the Americans have sent us?" asked one Londoner of another. "Blessed if I know!" was the reply.

The newspapers ransacked their reference departments and scoured their files for material for writeups of Pershing. They told as much as they could about his career, but it was all too little to satisfy the public's curiosity. Then the crowds flocked to learn about Pershing at first hand. Seldom in Europe's long history has any man received so wonderful a reception. Here was American aid in the great war, which had lasted almost three years, presented in tangible form in the person of the tall, straight, soldierly figure of a fighting general. The crowds went literally wild over Pershing.

And all of this was expressed in heap upon measure when the American reached Paris. "The deliverer has come! Live Pershing! Live Joffre!" rang the cries when the two famous generals appeared side by side in the French capital. "This man has come to France to repay the debt owed to Lafayette, to Rochambeau, to the other Frenchmen who risked their lives that America might be free. They will help to deliver France from the German invader," said the crowds, and they cheered Pershing until the boulevards rang.

We Serve Only the Best

Our place has gained a reputation for serving the best Meals and Lunches. Then, too, we handle Cigars, Candies and Soft Drinks. Some morning try our Waffles; many people tell us they are very good.

MASON'S

A nice lunch at any time; prices reasonable.

CHANGE OF NAME

Notice is hereby given that the County Court of Columbia County, State of Oregon, in its order and decree made and entered July 17, 1917, ordered and directed that the names of Frank Gliniecki and Bertha M. Gliniecki be changed to Frank Bores and Bertha M. Bores on and after August 18, 1917, in accordance with their petition heretofore filed in said Court. And it was further ordered that public notice be given by said

applicants of the change decreed for four consecutive weeks prior to said date in the St. Helens Mist, and that proof of such publication be made to said Court. And that after said requirements are complied with the said petitioners shall on and after August 18, 1917, be known by the names of Frank Bores and Bertha M. Bores respectively.

Dated and first published July 20, 1917.

FRANK GLINIECKI.
BERTHA M. GLINIECKI.

ST. HELENS HOTEL

E. A. ROTGER, Prop.



American and European Plan
All Busses Call at Hotel
Everything Modern—Steam Heating Plant
Hot and Cold Water in Rooms

GEO. H. SHINN, Pres.

L. R. RUTHERFORD, Sec.

Columbia County Abstract Company

ST. HELENS, OREGON

The only complete abstract system in Columbia County, Oregon.

BEST WORK

LOWEST PRICES

We Want Your Business

Your property increases in value proportionately with the development of the County in your vicinity. The County develops as trading and business facilities expand in the towns to which it is tributary. You can contribute to the growth of St. Helens by transacting your business here instead of at points remote from your locality, and by so doing you are directly insuring an increase in the value of your own property, while at the same time aiding in the upbuilding of a convenient and desirable business center.

The Columbia County Bank is essentially a home institution, owned principally by residents of the County. All the facilities furnished by City Banks for transacting a financial or banking business are provided by this bank. Your patronage and loyal support are solicited on the grounds of community interest and mutual advantage.

THE

Columbia County Bank

St. Helens, Oregon

Oldest in the County Interest on Savings Deposits



The Celebrated

BERGMANN SHOE

Awarded

GOLD MEDAL

P. P. I. E. San Francisco, 1915

The Strongest and Nearest Waterproof Shoe Made

FOR LOGGERS, CRUISERS, MILLMEN AND ALL WORKERS

THEO. BERGMANN SHOE MFG. CO.

621 Thurman Street

Portland

ASK FOR THE BERGMANN WATERPROOF SHOE OIL

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

DRAYING AND TRANSFER

All Business Promptly Attended To

PHONE 15

WM. H. DAVIES

ST. HELENS, OREGON

PROP.